All's Well that Ends Well.

A friend of mine was married to a scold, To me be came, and all his troubles told. Said he, "She's like a woman raving mad." "Alas! my friend," said 1, "that's very bad." "No, not so bad," says he; "for with her true, I had both house and land, and money, too." "That was well," said L

"No, not so well," said he; "For I and her own brother Went to law with one another; I was cast, the sult was lost, And every penny went to pay the cost."

"That was bad," said I. "No, not so bad," said he; "For we agreed that he the house should keep And give to me fourscore of Yorkshire sheep; All fat, and fur, and fine, they were to be." "Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for thee." "No, not so well," said be; "For, when the sheep I got, every one died with the rot."

That was bad," said I. "No, not so had," soid he; "For I had thought to scrape the fat And keep it in an open vat, Then into tallow melt for winter store," "Why, then," said I, "that's better than before." "No, not so well," said he; "For having got a clumsy tellow To scrape the fat and make the tallow, Into the melting fat the fire catches,

And, like brimstone matches, Burned my house to ashes." "That was bad," said I. "No, not so bad," said he; "For what is best. colding wife is gone among the rest."

> When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair, Oh! don't I wish that I were there? When her fairy fingers pat his head, Oh! don't I wish 'twas me instead' When Sally's arms his neck imprison, Oh! don't I wish my neck was his'n? When Sally kisses Carlo's nose, Oh! don't I wish that I were those?

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice: "Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the phiosopher's stone. It is-Pay as you go John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that. "Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables. "Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and a manly front, and have no fear of those you meet. You can look any man in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the street to avoid a dun, or look intently in a shop window in order not to see ; creditor. "Pay as you go," and you can snap your finger at the world, and when you laugh it will be a hearty honest one. and not like the laugh of the poor debtor, who looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not includ-

in articles "exempted from attachent." Pay as you go," and you will eet smiling faces at home-happy, cherc-cheeked, smiling children-a contentwife-a cheerful hearthstone. John andolph was right. It is the philosher's stone A Hoss as is a Hoss .- The most

riking advertisement of a horse for sale at we ever saw is the following, which ppears in a Wisconsin paper; Jim Fisk ould have this noble animal for a war

Thou canst trust thy labor to him, for s strength is great. Thou canst bind him with his band

lys after thee. He will gather thy seed in the barn. His strength is terrible, in which he

He paweth the valley, and waxeth proud in his speed. He mocketh at fear, wither turneth his back to the hobgob-

Lo! how he moveth his tail like a ce lar; his sinews are like cable.

His bones are like strong pieces of brass; yea, like bars of iron. He eateth like an ox; behold,

dinketh up a river, and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan in his mouth. Who can approach the door of his face?

Yet thou canst approach him with a bridle. His teeth are terrible round about. will not conceal his parts, nor his comely proportions.

I want to sell him for something I can ay my debts with

RRIBLE AFFAIR IN NEBRASKA-SEV-TEEN PERSONS FROZEN TO DEATH .gentleman who arrived in Kansas City Saturday informed the Times that on Sunday previous a terrible affair ocrred in Saline county, Nebraska. rty of emigrants were passing through e country westward, when, the cold instantly increasing, they concluded mp. They were on a piece of high airie, several miles from any house. at three miles from them was a piece timber land. After unhitching their ams the men started to procure fuel ot returning for several hours, the wo-

en left the children, and started to at them up. The next day the bodof seventeen persons who perished the intense cold were found. The leren left in the wagons were the on-

the Department of Vermont, Grand self-possessed. rmy of the Republic, will be held in e hall of Post Stannard, in Burlington, n Friday, January 12, 1872, commenc- be down in a moment. He was unusualg at 10: 20 a. m. Each Post is enti- ly late from town to-night." The last ery fifty member in good standing.— in her efforts to compose herself. he number of Posts in the State is thir- "But haughty and cold," Paul added,

Will She Walk or Ride.

The centre of the city is like the palm of a hand. From it the long fingers stretch out; one over the mill-dam; another along the flats; the longest of all bridges the river, and then going on and on, the straight wide streets steadily rising until it overlooks the bay, suddenly bends like the crook of a finger, until its tip touches the water.

It is a ladder-a hill of difficulty-to the dwellers at this end of the town. most of whom began life at its foot, in the dingy shops and tenement-houses there, and have slowly struggled up some to the long blocks of comfortable dwellings; others, going on still farther, have reached the most pretentious point of all-that lying close down to the water upon the other side.

There is an air of newness, a flavor of Jonah's gourd about the Italio-Chinese pagodas with French roofs here. They seemed; indeed, to have sprung up in a night, the dampness of the mould still clinging to them. There a straining after pinnacles and towers and top-knots in architecture-after effects quite disgardening, and, in fact, an evident attempt to crowd to their utmost capacity the present limited space and time.

This is the foundation built upon the rock-gold. Another generation will develop the fine arts, and possibly the

In the meantime I will tell my little

the Gospel, for there are churches. Some of them, even so soon, are beginning to pride themselves, not upon their sanctity, but upon the high social position of their members ;-in other words, upon the distance at which they live from the foot of the street, which is their social scale.

Fortunately, Paul's church was not among these. If one has to deal with ignorant people, it is better to take them in the rough. Iron in its natural state holds wonderful possibilities. But ironspoiled in the smelting-what can one do

His church was only a mission chapel, supported by a richer society of the same denomination; his people—the men and women to whom one goes with ungloved hands. But he was young and strong, and believed himself called of God, which is the best preparation for any work He threw aside his books and read men. There are a few exceptions to the houses I have described in the more aristocratic part of the town. One will suffice to prove the rule. It stands away from the street, just below the staring white hotel that crowns its rise. It is square, of stone, and painted white. Upon one side is a pleasant garden. Possibly it was built in colonial times. when the salt, salt wind swept in here from the sea, unbroken by anything save these walls and scattered remnants of forest trees. It has so far caught the spirit of modern times as to don a manin the furrow: he will harrow the valsard roof, but the tall Corinthian pillars still remain, as well as the wide stone steps, with a lion couchant upon either

Vesey Welles stood upon the hearthrug in the long, low drawing-room, awaiting the coming of her guests. Ordinarily she might be a trifle pale-quiet, possibly -though with depths quickly stirred by the dropping of a careless stone. Tonight she was flushed, tremulous, excited.

"By the way," said her father, pausing at the door as he passed through the hall, "I met that young minister-Hayes, you know-this morning, and asked him up to dinner."

"But I don't know," responded Vesey, as he passed on, her eyes growing wider and wider in dismay : "I don't know him at all. And to-night of all nights!" she half-sobbed, pulling at the flowers in the porcelain vase before her, until the one red rose dropped all its petals at her

It was to be the last of the pleasant er were coming to dine with them more before going home. They had been boarding at the hotel just above, two or three month. Vesey had built so many

hopes upon this evening. But now-She was fastening a bunch of daphne sweet-scented, velvet-leafed-into her belt, when Paul entered the room. "Passing fair!" he said to himself, at a

glimpse of the bent head. "The Rev. Paul Haves!" announced the servant. She turned quickly, not catching the name, hearing only the sound of feet and the opening of the door. But the flush upon her face was not for

him. The maladresse with which she hesitated and then came to meet him was her ear. GRAND ARMY.—The annual meeting something strange in Vesey-graceful

unnecessary frankness. "My father will

"Who the is this man?" looked out of Darrel's eyes, as Vesey, grown Paul to Darrel's mother.

theological differences. Mrs. Winslow was a stanch church-woman. Paul, she knew, was of another faith.

little distance. "And you really go home to morrow ?"

Vesey said, sitting down beside her. "Yes, I've done all my shopping. My mauve poplin came home to-day. There is nothing to wait for now; and Darrel does not care to stay. The opera season is over, you know."

So it was for the gayeties of the town that he had lingered week after week, she thought, with a sudden sinking of the in an instant, with the minor chord that heart. O, how blind she had been! followed, it changed. Tears rushed into in?" proportioned to means in landscape His careless laugh came across the room her eyes. "If I hadn't lost my slippers," just then, as if to mock her.

> that quivered in her voice. But the limp | wet eyelids. little woman crushed into the depths of

"No," she replied, simply, "I suppose

The gentlemen joined them.

"Sit down here by me," said Mrs. Winslow to Paul, motioning to the chair

"It is of no use," whispered Vesey to Darrel, with a hysterical sound between hardly need a crown."

her away from the fire. "Trying to avert grim fate. nother is determined to discuss church affairs with Mr. Hayes. What will she say to find he is not in the succession at sparks of the wildest, gayest music. all? That he simply cares for the souls of our butcher and baker, and-"

"Candlestick-maker," suggested Dar-

keep them apart, but-" "Extremes will meet. I believe there s an attraction between the poles. But what does it portend this invasion? Are you about to assume a stuff gown and bring him into the true church? Not a bad addition, I should say," fixing his eyes upon Paul, who had won the respectful attention, at least, of his rather ight-minded audience in the arm-chair.

"What were you saying?" Vesey asked, absently. Her eyes had followed his. "How he chanced to be here? O! fa- now. ther has met him occasionally, and so asked him to dinner. I was sorry he

"Ah?" Darrel looked down upon her with a conscious air. She had spoken truer words than she intended. She went on, as though she had not heard him-as though the color was not flaming her face.

"Because I knew you would have little in common, and thought it might be awkward for us all. It does not matter.' Nothing did or ever would any more. A gray wall seemed to shut out all beyond

"But I am not to be defrauded of my rights. I am to take you out to dinner, am I not? You surely won't throw me over at last. Vesev ?" He bent his head close to her face.

"I don't know; you can sit upon one to go, side and Mr. Hayes upon the other, if he will." She moved away towards the others; leaning over his mother's chair. she pretended to listen, smiling assent: to what, she never knew. She was | Winslow, fussily, thinking how pleasant she had hoped it would be, with only Darrel and his mother here—they four around the fire in the twilight, Darrel by her-of the words she evenings that had brightened all the had thought he would speak. There was winter. Darrel Winslow and his moth- a ring hanging upon his watch-chain. It away.

fitted her finger. He tried it once in jest. "Vesey!" called her father. And then she knew the others were rising-that dinner was announced.

become friends," she said to Paul as they were going out.

"One hardly gets so far as that in a half-hour's chat," he answered, pleas-

"And just before dinner," added Darrel, from the other side. "That's the time to make enemies, Miss Vesev."

"Then do hasten to be served, gentlemen, lest you quarrel."

And yet what should she say? What tell Darrel"-at the close of her note-"I-I am Miss Welles," with rather | do people say to ministers? she asked herself, helplessly. And to young minappointment and shame!

things, as we all do, though beneath the and had cast both aside as worthless. candle at her head told the story. It to buy.

Then, at last, Mrs. Winslow and Dar- outward calm our very souls are seething. | She thought of it with burning cheeks. She dared not speak of others, lest she break this crust. Paul judged her. She Winslow, effusively. Always delighted | back in the drawing-room, and the others to meet our clergy? Hayes, did you say? fell into the quiet, desultory chat that follows a dinner, she alone could not be Vesey interposed. It would never do still. Her cold hands refused to lie quiet to chill the air, already frigid, with in her lap, as shapely hands should. Her thrown himself back in an easy-chair.

"Let me wheel your chair to the fire. his hands under his head. There was There-so." She seated her in triumph. no feverish glitter in his eyes. He look- Paul, plodding along day after day The gentlemen gathered in a knot at a ed simply bored. He vawned furtively. She pushed her chair back. "How stupid we are! It's the fire, I think. It always dulls everybody but itself. Will not some one sing or play?" And she sat down herself before the piano. She struck a quick, sharp chord. "I

could dance to-night !" She had forgotten the young minister and his probable prejudices. He caught a glimpse, just then, of the flushed, intense face. But she breathed to herself. Her back was "You'll not come back before another to the others. Only Paul saw the sudseason?" She could not hide the pain den saddening of the face, the fall of the

"Such wonderful spirits!" exclaimed the arm-chair by her side did not heed Mrs. Winslow. "So light-hearted Vesey always is!"

> "Ah!" responded Paul. But he fell into a revery. Darrel leaned over her. "What has

"How? Why?" She did not pause had come from such a different scene. in her playing.

"What is of no use?" He followed clash-discord-then she went on. She was growing strong; equal to the strife. -There is nothing so deathless as a woman's pride. It had risen at last. Her

hands flashed over the keys, throwing off

"Not that!" Darrel whispered. "Play something soft and low. Do you forget it is our last evening? You're not sorry after all, then!" for her face never "Yes, for aught I know. I have tried | changed. She laughed-a low quiet rip-

ple in her throat "Sorry? O yes;" lingering over the last words. And still her hands toyed plain bonnet? Or do you propose to to-morrow," And again the low laugh | She had caught his half-uttered sentence. fearlessly. It had been all husks, she diamonds! knew now. But at least he should not triumph in her shame. She had worn her heart upon her sleeve; but, though it bled, he should not know it. She might, indeed, cry to-morrow, but not

As for the man, he experienced a new sensation-of doubt, mingled with amazement. He had read her, so he thought, like an open book. He even fancied he had cut the leaves. "Poor little mouse! he said to himself. "I really must go away. She is really growing fond of me. He almost wished now he had decided to stay. It seemed there was a sequel to the book. He was tempted to fall in love with her upon the spot. "If she is acting, she's by far more clever than I thought; and if she is really indifferent,

I've been a conceited fool." "Good-night! and good-by, it must be," he said, detaining her hand when they separated. "We shall take the

early train. The flush had died out of her face. She looked worn and tired. Upon the whole, he was not sorry he had decided

"Good-by," she said quietly. "You'll come and make us that visit in the summer, Vesey? O, my gloves and my veil! thank you," began Mrs.

"I don't know. Perhaps so." "Of course you will." "To be sure," added Darrel. "I shall

ome for you myself." They were gone at last. She turned

"But Mr. Hayes! Vesey!" She had forgotten his existence. "I'm afraid I am rude." And she put out her hand. "Good-night; but, indeed, "I hope you and Mrs Winslow have I may confess now that I have a wretched headache, and-and-" That was all

she said. The play was over.

III. The Spring and early Summer wore away. One letter came from Darrel. A letter such as he might have sent to any chance acquaintance, full of hints of gay doings here and there-nothing more. One little note Vesey wrote his "And the cause?" queried Darrel in mother, to say she could not make the rolled on and on, like a river far away.

promised visit. Darrel had said nothing The girl laid down her work. Even the ment; only her shining eyes for gems. ment became intense. Evrybody who She turned away from him to Paul. in his letter of coming for her. "And bird forgot its moan. "that I am saving any amount of gossip upon the stair. It was but a second; he were all there. Before them, in their as it was necessary to keep up the fun, against writing him some day." But could not have reached the street, when a gay attire, the Queen of Sheba, and even and his money seemed very safe, the isters above all? O if he had not come! the "some day" never came. Absence, shriek came from the room he had left. Solomon the magnificent, would have young man in the red nec-tie offered five If he would only go! If they would like a strong light, brings out hidden de- The girl sat like one paralized, Vesey shrunk away abashed—their glory dim- dollars more. And just at this moment ed to delegate in the ratio of one for words were uttered with her grandest air, all go, and leave her alone with her dis. fects, and Vesey knew now that he was a threw opened the door. A swift line of med. man selfish and vain, who had played light ran all adown the bead. It burst Vesey's nun-like dress was worse than what was the matter. Jimmy was about How she passed that long dinner hour with her heart. He had held it in his into a flame, in the midst of which the diamonds in their envious eyes. More eleven years old, a bright, smart fellow, six, and the Army is reported to be mentally, as he turned away to meet her she never knew. She talked of trivial hand, weighed and measured it and her, sick woman struggled. The overturned gay gallants than one paused to stare—and as active as a cat. His mother was

Among the mountains, in the summer, she gathered strength and life again; for has found her lowest depth, he said, when | both had seemed to fail. Perhaps it was suddenly shy, presented him to Paul, and she chanced to name a ribbon. Her the heat. The summer had opened like spirits rose; buoyed by her light words | the tropics. With another winter came "So glad, I'm sure," murmured Mrs. and laugh perhaps. When they were the Winslows. If she had dreaded it, if she had feared for herself, would it have been strange? But the spell was broken-

Looking back, she wondered.

Outwardly the old intimacy was resumed. Darrel came and went as he had feet beat an impatient waltz under her come and gone the year before. But, to gown. She glanced at Darrel. He had Vesey, it was only a shell-a hollow, heartless thing that never had been friendship, and could never now be love. in the round of his duties, saw-as though a great way off-Vesey and Darrel flying up and down the icy streets, to the tinkle of silver bells.

One night, Vesey, glowing in crimson, with white chrysanthemums in her hair, passed through the hall. The outer door was open wide. Paul stood outside. The sea, caught at her hair-at the silken ruffles of her dress.

him, as she paused with clasped hands under the gaslight, and with the warm, bright room beyond.

of the town starv-"

dainty dress angered him to night. He Only a woman of the world, after all, he "You're simply glorious now. You thought. And yet so sweet, so bitterly sweet he owned, when he had turned Her hands went wrong. A quick away and plunged into the cold and

> "You're like a poem, to-night, in all that ruby-red-like an Eastern song."

"Thank you," Vesey said, dreamily. "I couldn't imagine you in gray," he went on, half to himself, "or in anything sombre, or worn, or poor." He had be- no pain. The doctor raised her hand, gun to study the girl in earnest now-"Yes, you are made for the rarest and best, Vesey; to shine in satin and dia-

Satin and diamonds! Vesey remembered the man she had left at the door, thing sprang into his eyes-not tears with the keys. "But one can't cry at a He was out in the winter night among alone bidding, you know; I dare say I may the hungry and naked now, she knew, welled up in her throat. She looked up And she was made for satin and bit and tore her hand, she sobbed like a

"Is that all?" she asked, wistfully. satisfy most women."

But to-night it did not satisfy her.

Down at the beginning of the long street was a black, low-browed house, like many others here, with a shop in the lower story, or, more properly, two, since one window was occupied by a watchmaker, and the other displayed pins. needles, spools of cotton, and such small wares. Above were two or three rooms with slanting sides, where a deformed girl-a pitiful object to look at-lived with her mother, earning enough by sewing to put bread into their mouths and scanty covering upon their backs-no more. Vesey employed them; from pity mostly, since her work could have been better done elsewhere. She stepped out of the sleigh here at dusk one night, and ran up the stairs, a roll of work in her hand. She had to wait a moment, so she sat and talked with the girl, who was young like herself and yet not like herself at all. It made her happier in the happy lot that had sometimes wearied her. It made her thankful for her strong young life, which she had never named among her blessings, and it shot a gleam of pleasure through the girl's dark days.

It was a poor room, with paper torn and soiled, and of many patterns upon with the dim light struggling thro' uncur- -needed a spur. the eves like eves from overhanging brows.

"What is that?"

He comes and prayes with mother, now dient. she's sick." The light died down again. The room became all at once like a

The voice ceased. She heard his step

was an instinct—there was no time for thought-which made Vesey drag the you some way," vouchsafed one man, by Jimmy saw what had happened, and that square of carpet from the floor and press | way of explanation. it down upon the flames, They shot out into her face. They seemed to catch away her breath. They licked her arm. They strove and fought, and well-nigh overcame—all in an instant, that seemed | ing words; tired of him. He moved hours to the girl, who threw herself upon away at last. Then, and not until then, the bed, smothering the flames with her own weight.

They were conquered at last. The hall. But he came straight to her. silent, breathless struggle was over. "If some one would only bring a light!

O, dear! what shall I do?" Don't." to the deformed girl, who shricked and called upon her mother. Vesey had not heard the strong step springing up the stairs, the opening of the door. Some one stood beside her in a moment, lamp in hand. It was Paul.

"Is she dead ?" gasped Vesey, shrinking from the bed.

He threw back the scortched blanket that hid the motionless form . "No, not wind, raw and wet with the breath of the | dead; but I think she has fainted. Or the flames-I must go for a doctor. Stay here, if you are not afraid. O, hush "O, is it you? But you are coming hush!" to the frightened girl; "it is nothing, I hope. Set some water for the She little knew how her words tempted | lady; and sprinkle her face." he said to

Vesey. Then he was gone. She did as he had told her,-waiting watching the blackened mass she dared "I cannot, I am waiting for your fa- not touch. It was frightful, with that ther. There is a family at the lower end still, white-face shining out of the darkness. Was it death? No: there was a The words choked him. "Thank you, faint quivering of the eyelids-that first not to-night," he said. He had longed sign of returning conciousness -- a feeble them. He turned to Vesey again. His not slip an inch. This was the way he to meet her again, like this-alone, and moan. Then Paul came. O! the rush face was very pale; his eyes were full of had read the savages climbed tall trees.

ness, that overpowered her when she heard his step. The grim-faced doctor behind him walked straight to the bed. "There are no deep burns, I think," he said, at length. "The blanket saved her. The shock done more than the fire. darkness. Darrel was waiting for her in A sponge-ah, that will do. Now some water and some linen rags." There were none. Vesey quietly held out her dainty

> hankershief. "Hm!" he said, and tore his own into strips. "And now you?" He turned to Vesey. "I have no burns." Indeed, she felt and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist, as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut tight and quick together. Some-

Then Vesey began to tremble; and concious, at last, of the cruel pain that

"Don't mind," she tried to say. "Don't "All? Is not that enough? It would | look at me. It's only-only" The sobs swept all her words away.

Paul bathed her hand. She remembered afterwards how tenderer than any woman's had been his touch. "Let her cry," said the doctor, in

voice that must have been given by mistake to the grim face. "And now she'd better go home." He rose from the bed He took the unharmed hand in his "She's a brave girl." He looked away from her to Paul; but still he held her hand tight in his. "God bless you, child. Now go home and go to bed."

Paul lifted her into the sleigh and wrapped the robes about her. "Shall I go with you?"

"If I can take you home."

"O, no; I must go in here again." "Then you need not." It seemed suddenly as if they had known each other a lifetime-she and Paul; as if they could never be strangers

to each other again. She held out her hand. It was the one he had bound up. He took it tenderly in both his own. "The brave, strong hand!" he said, bending over it in the darkness-"the hand that saved a life to-night."

money for the poor. It opened the next the walls ; with the bare boards of the evening. The winter had been hard and dollar to any one who will get that hat." floor yawning, rising and falling uneasily; | cruel, and charity-somewhat exhausted |

"You must not think of going," her was smooth, for a pine tree, and by the In one of these windows a forlorn canary father exclaimed. Darrel too, who fore- time he had gone up fifteen or twenty in a broken cage—a brown little bird saw a quiet hour with her alone, if she feet he was glad to slide down again. with ruffled, unkempt feathers-chirrup- remained at home. He had something ed feebly, like a moan. A low voice, in to tell-something to ask for, and a ring and another tried, and another, but neia continuous murmur, fell upon Vesey's to give. Alas for him! He had kept ear. It seemed to come from the next his word too long. A year ago they would Then another gentleman added two dolhave been manna to her heart.

"But I am quite well," she pleaded, "That'm?" The girl's pale face grew "except my hand; and that has ceased

Then she went and took her place.

had been her shadow. She was tired; tired of his eyes that followed her whichever way she turned : tired of his flattershe saw Paul. All the maidens plumed their gay feathers as he walked down the

"Are you well enough to be here?" without a word of greeting, as though they had not parted. "You frightened me with your white face just now."

"I was tired. I wanted to go home." "Will you go now?" he asked, quick- the tree. ly. "Are you strong enough to walk?" "O ves."

"Then come." It was strangely pleasant to be bidden

to follow meekly. They had reached the stairs descend- climb that tree, my boy?' ing to the street when they met Darrel

"Vesey! where are you going?" He cowled and nodded at Paul.

have no cloak. Go back, and I'll get the the trunk. He then wrapped the vine carriage." He laid his hand upon the once around the tree, and bringing the wrap over Paul's arm. Paul looked at ends back to him, took one in each hand. Vesey. What did he read in her face? He then loosened the vine a little and a hard, strange voice. He was trying to reach. Now holding tightly to the ends be calm-to keep his hands from this he drew himself up. The vine firmly man who had suddenly come between bound around the tree by his weight did

pleading. "Think a moment.

and laid her hand within his arm. to have kept back the triumph in his

them, with an oath upon his lips.

grew more gentle now. "It will be a on the branch, rested for several minutes. long, long road-a road that has no turn." But she still smiled.

are tender.'

"I will walk with you," she said.

WHAT JIMMY GOT FROM THE TOP OF A TREE.

It was at a watering-place-a country hotel, where there was a spring of horrible water, which tasted like-well I can't think of anything disagreeable enough to compare it to-where all this happened. It was at the end of the season, and the fall winds were beginning to blow, and most of the ladies and gentlemen who had been spending the summer enjoying the pure air and making believe to enjoy the horrible water, were expecting to depart in a day or two. On the particular afternoon of which I am writing, a large portion of the company were out on a lawn, and several of them had eroquet mallets in their hands. But they were not playing. They were all gathered around a tall pine tree, which stood in one corner of the lawn. This tree had a very long, slender trunk, with a few branches, almost at the very top. And on one of these branches there hung a lady's hat-a pretty little hat trimmed with flowers and lace, with a blue veil, which was now wrapped around and around the branch. This hat had just been whirled from the head of the young lady who owned it, by a sudden gust of wind. This lady was very much annoyed

'It's too bad." said she. "I am going nome to-morrow, and this is the only hat I have to travel in. And I can't wait here until I can send to the city for an-

by the accident.

'No,' said she. 'I don't want to travel in a bonnet, or a straw hat, either. Can't somebody get my hat down?"

'Look here, boys,' cried one of the gentlemen, to some of the waiters who were just coming out of the house, 'I'll give a tree and one of them started to climb it. of a little negro boy. This boy, known

The gentleman now doubled his offer, ther climbed as high as the first man. lars to the prize, and more waiters came, and also boys from the hotel and the neighborhood, and they all tried and all bright. "It's the minister, Mr. Haves. to pain me." Indeed her face was ra- failed. By this time there was quite a lively crowd around the tree and a young So she dressed herself with quaint man in a red necktie said it was real jol- day made public exposure of the prinsimplicity in something soft and gray ly-ever so much better than croquet, ter's devil. All those who think he is church, solemn and still, as the low voice that wrapped her like a cloud, with only Then three more gentlemen added two the braids of her heavy hair for orna- dollars each to the prize, and the excite- him." could climb at all tried the tree, but no The maidens from the Chinese pagodas one got one-third of the way up. Then Jimmy Clark came running down to see a widow, who lived on a very little farm, away with such deeds.

"It cools your eyes, you see, and rests about a mile from the hotel. When fifteen dollars was offered, for the recov-The evening was half over. Darrel ery of the hat, his eyes sparkled. He was a reading boy, and he remembered what he read, and it now flashed across his mind that the savages in the Pacific islands climbed higher and smoother trees than that. And what is more, he knew how they did it.

Without saying a word, he turned, and ran for the woods as fast as his legs would carry him. In a very few minutes he returned carrying a piece of grapevine about half an inch thick, and five or six feet long. With this in his hands he bounded into the crowd at the foot of

'Is it fifteen dollars,' he cried, 'for any one who gets that hat?'

'It was fifteen dollars,' said an elderly gentleman who stood near the tree, 'but now it has gone up to twenty. Can you

'I am going to try, sir,' said Jimmy. 'Very well, then,' said the gentleman; 'the money is yours if you succeed.'

Jimmy now stepped up to the tree, and holding the grape-vine horizontally "But it is beginning to rain, and you before him, placed the center of it against "Let Miss Welles decide," he said, in pushed it up the tree as far as he could ride with him, or will you walk with me?" wound his legs around the tree and held She did not speak. She only smiled fast until he had loosened the vine and pushed it up again. And so, foot by He would have been more than human foot, he went steadily up that tall pine tree. It was terribly tiresome work, and he stopped to rest several times, but at Darrel stared; then wheeled and left last he reached the branches. Grasping the lower one he drew himself up. drop-"But think a moment." Paul's voice | ped the grape-vine, and seating himself Then he climbed up to the hat, disengaged it, and threw it down. As the hat "A rough way perhaps, and your feet | with its beautiful blue veil, came floating down, a tremendous cheer arose from the people on the ground; but fortunately, Jimmy was not startled by it. After resting a short time, he came down the tree. He could slip gradually down, without any grape-vine. As soon as he reached the ground everybody clustered around him and the elderly gentleman who had collected the money, handed

him the twenty dollars. 'Now, my lad,' said he, 'I hope you

will make a good use of this. 'You may be sure of that sir,' said the andlord of the hotel, 'I know Jimmy, and he'll give it to his mother.

As for Jimmy, he thanked the company and hurried away. But not home. Early in the summer his mother's only hog-an animal on which she depended for much of her living during the winter -had died. Jimmy knew that nothing would please her so much as another hog, and so he went to farmer Peters, who he knew had hogs for sale, to buy her one. About an hour before suppertime he appeared before his mother's door,

driving a fine lazy porker. 'Why, whose hog is that?' said she. 'It's yours mother; and I climbed up

tree after it,' said Jimmy. When the story was told, his mother was delighted; and all that winter, when they had hams, and spareribs, and pork and beans, and sausages, and lard, and hogs'-head cheese and scrapple, and pickled pig's feet, and all other things that can be made out of a fine fat hog. Jimmy was very glad he had remembered how the savages in the Pacific islands climbed tall trees. - Household

THE "PRINTER'S DEVIL."-Most of our readers are of course familiar with this term, commonly applied to the "lad of all work" in a printing office, but few are aware of the manner in which he acquired his sulphurous cognomen. The Scientific American says that, when Aldus Manutius set up in business as a The waiters then came down to the printer at Venice, he came in possession over the city as "the little black devil. assisted the mysterious bibliofactor; and some of the ignorant persons believed him to be none other than the embodiment of Satan, who held Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day. Manutius, desiring to expel this hallucination by publicity, displayed the young "imp" to the poorer classes. Upon this occasion he made this short but characteristic speech: "Be it known to Venice, that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this not flesh and blood may come and pinch

Fifteen additional dismissals have been recommended by the committee investigating the hazing practices at the Annapolis Naval Academy. A sample of the "harmless pleasantries" practiced was compelling one of the cadets to drink a mug of mixture composed of castor-oil. ink, mucilage, toothpowder, and quinine Another cadet was held out of a window in the fifth story until he was nearly dead. It is surely time for law to de